HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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JOHN R. FRENCH, PRINTER.

Herald of Freedom.

From the National A. S. Standard.

A Slaveholder's Argument.

Did you ever hear how the Devil came to St. Dominick, to stop his making any more books against him? and how St. Dominick made the Devil hold a candle for him to write by, till it burned his fingers, and made him roar with pain?

Reader, did you ever attempt to hold an argument with a man, who tried to defend slavery? Of all the merry encounters of truth and falsehood, none is so farcical as this. Falsehood knocks his head plump against Truth's shield, and while he stands rubbing the bump, with woful contortions, Truth watches him with a dimpled expression of roguery, and asks plainly enough, "What on earth did you do that for?" Vexed at the drollery of his own position, he runs his head again whack against spear or shield, as if some evil spirit propelled him; as indeed it does.

Those philophers who can look at things in the universal, who can penetrate behind causes to the end from which causes flow, have long seen that no idea, grand or fantastic, absurd or sublime, of fairy tinsel, or celestial splendor, can ever enter into the mind of man, unless it has its prototype, its real spiritual existence, somewhere in the human soul. Forgive me, if I play too facetiously with this sublime philosophy, and plunge its grandeur into pitiful bathos, when I say, that the Irishman never could have imagined his famous Kilkenny cats, that "ate each other up to the very tip of their tails," had there not previously existed such things as pro-slavery arguments.

To convince you of the probability of this assertion, I will recapitulate conversation I have actually had with slaveholders. The only fiction there is about it, is that all the remarks were not made by one individual.

Southerner. You have no business to meddle with our institutions. They are altogether our own affair; we alone know how to manage them; we want none of your help.

Northerner. We never proposed to meddle with your peculiar institutions, except by discussion. To *talk* of fetters is quite a different thing from *striking* them off.

Southerner. We deny your right to do either the one or the other. Slavery must not be discussed. Governor McDuffie was right, when he said that it was "a grievous wrong for one State to meddle with the institutions of another State, even by discussion." You profess to be actuated by love for your country; but you are traitors; you are violating the laws and the Constitution, every day of your lives. I suppose you consider yourself bound by the Constitution? Yet you say no power could compel you to help in putting down an insurrection. What if your help is needed, and government orders it?

Northerner. I should reply, that the South had told us a thousand times, that we had nothing at all to do with her peculiar institution; and she alone knew how to manage it; that I took her at her word, and should leave her manage it. I am glad you construe the Constitution so strictly. I suppose you are aware that honored instrument declares, that "Congress shall make no law, abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press?" But I need not ask whether you recollect this; for it is sufficiently obvious that the southern gag-rule in Congress is founded on *this* clause; and that out of it legitimately grows your doctrine, that "Slavery shall not be discussed." We at the North like this feature of the Constitution so well, that if Governor McDuffie chooses to come here and lecture in favor of slavery, we will all bid him welcome to overthrow our free institutions by as much discussion as he pleases. *We* have no standing lynch committees to guard *our* institutions; we wear no bowie-knives, inscribed "death to slaveholders;" nor would we, on such an emergency, call a meeting of pious church-members to flog Governor McDuffie, in the public square, as was done in the case of the meek and amiable Amos Dresser.

Southerner. Oh, you are always pulling *that* string! Forever talking about our lynchings! We dislike to resort to such measures, as much as you do. But what can we do? There we stand, up to our necks in gun-powder, and you will persist in throwing firebrands. There is no *law* to reach you, and so we are compelled to lynch, in self-defense.

Northerner. I thought you said just now, that we violated the Constitution and laws, every day of our lives! It is an odd corollary to this, that there is no law to reach our continual offenses.

Southerner, (red in the face.) If an abolitionist comes on my plantation, I shall make no more of shooting him than I would a rattlesnake.

Northerner. I thank you for the warning.—Mr. Preston has announced the same thing in Congress, for which I likewise give him thanks. When you choose to come among us, I promise you that you shall be shot with nothing except fair arguments. Incendiaries and cut-throats, as you term us, I believe you never feel afraid of any attack on your lives and property, when you come among us. You may send your young chivalry to New England to advocate the introduction of chattel slavery on the free hills of Vermont, if you choose. We will not put their lives in peril, or rob them of property, as you did to a son of Isaac T. Hopper, visiting one of your cities merely on business, without even a thought of discussing slavery.

Southerner. Eternally harping on Judge Lynch! I ask you what shall we do? Don't I tell you we are in the midst of gunpowder?

Northerner. Wet the gunpowder with the waters of emancipation, my friend; then our firebrands will fall as harmless as so many egg-shells.

Southerner. You know nothing at all about the subject. There is not a more miserable set on the face of the earth, than the free negroes. I tell you the truth, with all deliberation, when I assure you, that the greatest curse you could bestow upon a slave, would be to give him his freedom.

Northerner. I can readily enough believe that the character of the free negroes must suffer greatly from their anomalous position. They stand between two classes, with the disadvantages of both, and the advantages of neither. Without protection as slaves, and without rights as freemen; continually insulted, feared, and hated; the whole influence of society, moral and political, converted into a machine to force them off. Yet, under all these disabilities, their situation is superior to that of the slaves; and I believe you belie your own conscience, when you say it is not.

Southerner. You may believe me or not, as you please; but I assure you, my slaves would not accept their freedom, if I were to offer it; they know very well that they could not take care of themselves. I declare to you, the lazy dogs are eating me out of house and home; they are a mere bill of expense. The masters are the ones to be pitied. You have had your ears filled with stories about cutting up backs and washing them with brine, till you really believe them. But I assure you it is a very unusual thing to find a cruel master; public opinion among us frowns on such a man. For my part, I am so afraid of getting a bad name with my neighbors, that I never flog my boys, even when they are as impudent as the ———. If they are too obstreperous, I always contrive to get rid of the job of punishing, by selling them to a severe master.

Northerner. It must be confessed that is a very unselfish arrangement, and one that shows a singular regard for the well-being of your servants. But admitting that you do not lacerate their bodies, do you call it no cruelty to condemn thousands of men to total ignorance? To visit them with the severest penalties for trying to learn to read and write?

Southerner. You do not make allowance for the peculiarity of our situation. If we suffered them to learn to read and write, they would write passes and free papers to enable them to run away.

Northerner. I thought you said, just now, that they did not want their freedom, and would not take it, if they could?

Southerner, (reddening.) Oh, some of them would, of course. They are generally well contented; but there are always restless spirits everywhere, you know.

Northerner. I am aware of that; but these *few* discontented spirits seem to give you more trouble than is usual in other forms of society; else why are patrols marching about the live-long night? Why must you write a pass, every time you want an errand done? Why must you imprison a man for learning his letters? Why must rifles be kept loaded, and hounds trained? But I will not crowd upon you too close, with troublesome questions. I will admit, for the sake of talk, that the slaves *are* generally contented, and most masters kind. But reflect a moment upon the system, and you will see that a kind master is but a luckly accident.—You may have faithful servants, who have lived with you for years, and your attachment may be mutual; but in case of your death, they are liable to pass into the hands of hard-hearted heirs, and severe creditors. They are deprived of the power to make the best bargain for themselves, as free laborers can.

Southerner. I would provide for such contingency. I would prepare papers of manumission, for those who had been good and faithful servants.

Northerner. But you said freedom was the greatest curse that could be bestowed upon a slave. Would you bestow a curse upon them, for good and faithful service? I am aware that you have the example of your legislators, who confer freedom on a slave, for "meritorious service rendered to the State." A most cruel and ungrateful proceeding, if your statement be correct.

Southerner. It is useless to talk with you. You cannot comprehend the state of things. But, rail as you will at the South, I can tell you that the worst slaveholders on earth are the Yankees. I always prefer to hire a northern overseer, and so do most of my neighbors; for we are sure to find him severe enough to keep the darkies in order.

Northerner. I recollect you told me that public opinion among you frowned upon cruelty; and I see it plainly, as a matter of course, that in *such* a community, severe overseers must necessarily be in great demand. Nay, never grow red, at finding yourself on the horn of a dilemma. The fault is in the bad system you are striving to uphold. I have no doubt that you speak truly, when you say that Yankees make the worst slaveholders. I should judge that it would be so, if there were no proof to support it.—Northerners are educated in principles and habits opposed to slavery; if they connect themselves with the foul system, they have to fight against their own convictions; and whosoever does this, on any subject, becomes a much worse man, than if he never had these convictions. In the next place, the northerner has been used to see labor done by arms to which conscious freedom gives energy; and his estimate of labor is therefore very different from that of the southerner, accustomed from childhood to the drawling pace, and languid motions of a slave; hence, the Yankee master naturally requires more work than *can* be done by a chattel; the motive-power is wanting. Your system takes the main-spring from the watch; emancipation puts it in again. Try it, I beseech you.

Southerner. You do not consider what you propose. What if we asked you to give up your oxen and sheep? Our slaves are our wealth.

Northerner. I thought you said they were nothing but a bill of expense. It seemed strange, to be sure, that when you lost your "bill of expense," you come hurrying on to the North, and offered $500 or $1,000 reward to get your burden back again; and I supposed the reason it seemed to me incongruous, was, that I did not, as you say, *understand* the patriarchal institution.

Southerner. Did you ever consider what would be the horrid effect of letting the slaves loose upon their masters?

Northerner. Did it ever occur to you that for half a century the masters *have* been let loose upon the slaves?

Southerner. We belong to a superior race.—God made them our inferiors; under no circumstances whatever could they ever rise to an equality with us. The great fish always eat the little fish.

Northerner. I have been accustomed to adopt a higher standard for *men*, than for fishes; but a brutal system may well adopt brute maxims. If it be true, that this class are by nature our inferiors, it would be the part of enlightened philosophy to make amends, by giving them increased facilities for acquiring knowledge, instead of excluding them from our colleges and schools.

Southerner. That would bring about a fine state of society, indeed! The next thing, we should have a black President. A fine prospect for my sons, to plead a cause before a black judge, or be trumpeter to General Cuffee.

Northerner. I thought you said just now that they were by nature our inferiors, and could never rise to an equality under any circumstances?

Southerner. I have business to attend to, and must bid you good morning. Indulge what dreams you like of social equality; luckily, there is a natural, instinctive antipathy between the races, that will always prevent your dreams from being realized.

Northerner. Well, I am content to leave nature to take care of her own laws. But I do wish I could give you clearer ideas of the principles of freedom.

Southerner. (Similing.) Clearer ideas, indeed! The only place where freedom is really *understood* is at the South. Burke himself vouches for our "high and haughty spirit of liberty."

Northerner. Your high and haughty spirit few will deny, who have witnessed its manifestations on the floor of Congress. But on this subject of emancipation, you certainly will be willing to examine both sides, if you are a candid man. Allow me to send you Thome & Kimball's book, to prove to you how it works in the West Indies.

Southerner. I thank you; but it would not be safe for for me to receive any anti-slavery document through the post office. If I were suspected of reading such things, I should expect to be ridden on a rail, and think I got off cheaply too.

Northerner. I thought you said the South was the only place where freedom was really understood? I should consider it a poor sort of freedom, if I could not receive such papers, and read such books, as I liked.

Southerner. You know, as well as I do, that your books and papers contain pictures calculated to excite rebellion among our slaves.

Northerner. Did you ever see the coat of arms of Virginia? A man, sword in hand, standing on the prostrate body of his oppressor, and exclaiming, "So be it unto tyrants!" is not a very safe 'pictorial represention,' to exhbit to slaves. I suppose they order all human chattels to look the other way, when that ensign is unfurled.—But this has nothing to do with the emancipation in the West Indies. Promise me you will read that book.

Southerner. It would be of no use. I should not believe a line of it. It is disgusting to hear of the universal amalgamation going on there. If we should try the experiment, the next thing would be the negroes would be marrying our daughters.

Northerner. I thought you said there was an instinctive antipathy between the races, that could never be overcome; if so, one would think it might be trusted to take care of itself. I do not wonder, however, that so close an observer of the truly *paternal* system, as you have been, should have some doubts whether this antipathy is to be trusted in all cases. If you will not try the British mode of emancipation, allow me to suggest another, which will put an end to the system in a very few years, provided you smuggle no fresh slaves from Africa in the meantime. Just change *one* of your laws. Instead of declaring that "the child shall follow the condition of the mother" amend it thus: "Every child shall follow the condition of its *father*." You understand? Excuse me; I forgot your horror of *amalgamation*. *Southerner exit in haste.*

Communications.

CORNISH, April 7, 1842.

The Pulpit.

The pulpit, the pulpit! Why go into the pulpit? I must answer this, brother Rogers, for myself. I say in the first place, because I have been in the habit of it. I *never* entered the pulpit on the commission given me by men; and this is the grand reason why the clergy eyed me so closely. They saw me determined to do as my own conscience and abilities allowed, and not to follow blindly a few individuals who had set themselves or been set as guards of that awful place, the pulpit. I never preached like them, or sermonized like them, but had a way of my own. I do not now recollect that they ever commended a sermon that I wrote. I never intended to present one that would receive their sanction, and always involuntarily laughed in my sleeve, to hear their mock criticisms which seldom if ever rose higher than dotting i's, or making punctums. I had never enjoyed their meetings for such purposes. They seldom amount to any thing more than having a sensual or literary feast, or sectarian game at pulpit eloquence. I frankly avow that on such occasions I never found any thing which increased my own spirituality or had a tendency to; or which showed that others were spiritually minded. In fine, from all my intercourse with the clergy, I have the fullest conviction that they have no power to commission me to preach or to prevent it, and hence all I ever received from them, or have been taught by them, has never produced any other effect, than a mere habit of feeling like a public teacher, and of "going in and out before the people," of that awful pulpit. I *have* learned from God to view it differently. Therefore I do not go into the pulpit *now* any more than ever, because the clergy placed me there; or because they commissioned me to preach, but because for about twelve years I have been accustomed to stand in the pulpit when addressing public assemblies or churches.

Another reason is, the people have been accustomed to see me and others go into the pulpit. In other words, they have usually been addressed from that place, and they love to have it so. What is the use to drive reform too fast! Such are the habits of the people, and they may thank the clergy for it, that truth has more influence over them, than if it came from any other place, if it come from the pulpit. They cant bear any thing human; and they don't want any thing divine, unless it is clothed with external awfulness. This is all habit, and of clerical origin too. But as there is nothing absolutely repugnant to my feelings in it, I shall conform to these habits for the present and go into it just when and where I think myself called to it. I may sometimes stand in the pew, sometimes on the staircase and sometimes in the pulpit.

This suggests a third reason to my mind for standing in the pulpit, which is that I wish to show, that the *pulpit* is no better than the pew; not so humane. I wish to exalt humanity, and crush all that crushes it. If I, a non-commissioned officer in the clerical ranks, stand in that sacred place, some may be convinced that its *holiness*, like its damask and tassals, is all *put on*. At least they may begin to inquire, if it is not so.

Again, the main part of the warfare is with the priests. Anything that will bring them on to a level with humanity, will advance the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth.

Another reason is, that I wish to see the clergy jostled out of the pulpit, down *right* end up, among the rest of mankind. Then, and not till then, will the human mind be free to receive the truth as it is in Jesus Christ—then *only* will truth move onward in the earth by the power of the divine spirit on the heart. My firm conviction is, that they are the greatest obstacles to the advancement of truth in the earth, of any one class of men to be found.—One evidence of this is, that they deny to man *a conscience*, save what he imbibes from education; thus creating a necessity for *their orders* to educate him aright. Another is, that they by their very office quench the Holy Ghost. They do not allow this Heavenly Messenger to 'guide men into all truth,' for they are the spiritual guides. They do not allow Him to teach men their duty in prayer, praise, and preaching Christ, for they require just *so much*, just *when they* say, of prayer and praise, and they reserve all the preaching to themselves. On particular occasions they are the sole worshippers, while surrounded by crowds of their fellow-christians, who are just as likely, and a good deal more so, to be guided by the Holy Spirit than themselves. This supremacy of the clergy over the Holy Spirit, is most strikingly visible, in the course of the anti-slavery cause. The moment humanity took the field to contend for its own nature all crushed and bleeding under the tyrant's heel—that moment the clergy arose in their supremacy and quenched the kindlings of the spirit in the mass of mind!!

Again, when the clergy had, on their own confession gone as *far as they knew how to*, in saving the *lost* drunkard—when they by their cruel and wicked pride had refused to stoop to the condition of this class of wretched beings, and taught their blind followers that the drunkard could not be saved, but they must try to keep their children sober till they, the drunkards were all dead, then the spirit of God signally disowned them, by making the drunkard his own regenerator! God be praised for this powerful manifestation of Himself in the *human* heart, though buried in the loathsomeness of the ditch, while He left the proud Scribe and Pharisee's inflated and putrifying from its own poisonous effusions.

These are a few of the reasons why I wish to see them simply renounce the sinfulness of their position, and, taking their place among their brethren, leave the blessed spirit of truth and peace to guide man to his primitive state! But while the pulpit retains its power over the *common* mind, while it glowers upon humanity in such awfulness, this result cannot be experienced. Therefore I say trample it down level with the dust. Leave nothing but the bare floor, or slightly elevated platform. This is fast being done. The pulpit has been coming down from the lofty height to which Priest Constantine raised it, for the last 1600 years, and God speed its descent, till it loses all influence over the mind of man, save what each disciple may exert as he, or she is moved to speak the truth in love by the direct influence of the Divine Spirit!!

I have many other reasons to assign for going into the pulpit. I might add that I have just as good a right to go there, if it is a christian thing, as any other man, or any woman. All have the same right to go there if God calls them, and if He does not call, no one has a right to go. If you wish to know what I mean by a call from God, I will say, such a call as any of the ancient prophets had, or as the first preachers of the gospel had. Christ has given no commission to any others, and they assume to preach the gospel at the peril of their lives, and their souls.

But again, the pulpit *does not* belong to Christianity. It is a mere thing of human invention at the devil's instigation. It may be used as any other invention is used, by any body that sees fit to use it. If I ever use it again, it will be to show that this is true of it, and that christians have nothing to do with it, but to bring human beings to view it as it is.

So also the "going into the pulpit" will serve to show up the true character of the clergy.—Nothing makes them so mad.—Nothing exhibits so fully their State-alliance, and hence their pro-slavery, and man-butchering, and liberty-hating character and position. Nothing so fully developes the unchristian character of their assemblies. Very many people would never believe that the clergy have so much of the very spirit of the slave-whipper, unless they should see them seize and drag from the "temple of God" an innocent brother and disciple of Jesus, whose only crime is that he bears a faithful testimony against sin!!

Though I would not "molest" them merely to try their temper, yet the violence and pro-slavery wrath which they exhibit in these knockings down and draggings out, clearly proves the course to be right, inasmuch as generally what they violently oppose is right, and for the best good of man.

That *they* do these things *themselves*, ought to be distinctly understood by the people. They crawl off by saying that "they don't drag out, it is the incensed church members and deacons." But it is a principle I believe, of law, their own pet child, and the refuge to which they flee, that he that does a thing *by* another does it himself. "*Facit per alium, facit per se.*" Now one word from them, such is their position, would lead back the "incensed church members and deacons" to their seats, and one candid glance at the truths uttered from time to time, in their synagogue, by the poor *reputationless* abolitionists, would be the unfailing signal for a similar course on the part of their minions; and such is the influence of "church members and deacons," *by position*, over the mass of minds, that they would thereby be induced to hear. The responsibility of all the opposition to the glorious truths that have been uttered to the world in the last two or three years, and the persecutions of the poor, despised followers of Jesus in this age, as well as among the Jews, must fall on this crafty set of men, the *human priesthood*. Oh I envy not their condition. I had as lief be in the sea with a millstone about my neck, as in the condition of these honored, revered, salaried, donationed clergy. Brother, you know that I speak not from envy, malice, or prejudice, but from the most sincere, yet painful conviction of the truth, that the course pursued by the clergy in defense of *their pulpits* and other prerogatives, gives the fullest evidence that they are of the Devil. A human priesthood has been in every age, and is now, the greatest curse that the world ever saw. Why will not our brethren and sisters believe this, when they look over its past history! Christianity has no priesthood but that which Christ has fulfilled, and to the benefits of which He introduces every disciple, by giving them access into the holy of holies, by His blood! Glory to His name forevermore, Amen.

T. P. BEACH.

DANVERS, (New Mills,) Ms., March, 1842.

Mr. Editor: I wish to give through the columns of your paper, the following timely warning:

The Baptist Church and Society in this place is now under the immediate protection of three Militia Officers; viz: Major Moses Black, Captain David H. Caldwell, and Captain Benjamin Porter.

I give this information, that all disturbers of the peace and harmony of the *church* may take warning. We have passed one resolution on Slavery, (the School House Gang are driven from the school house into engine houses, dens and caves of the earth,) and that is enough; we now have a desire for peace and to grow in *grace*.

And now Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, and all others who preach that the *Church* upholds slavery, beware how you are seen in this village. The Major mounted on horseback, and all his under officers are at their posts.—Corporal Peter Wait is on the ground, armed and equiped as the law directs. He will see that all orders are faithfully executed. Peter is a brave man, and will fight like '76, for the church. Nothing will be left undone that the militia can do, to maintain peace in the church. Pillsbury will probably remember Corporal Wait. He is the man that put him down in the Universalist Meeting-House, last winter. The Corporal is not a man to be trifled with. It is hoped that this warning may be sufficient to keep away all disturbers of the *Church*.

Yours for an *armed* peace,

The Cause in Western New-York.

MARENGO, (Wayne Co.) N. Y., April 4th, 1842.

ar Brother Rogers: I seize the present mo- to pen a few lines for your gallant Herald. to me a messenger of joy. I love it dearly he noble stand it takes in behalf of crushed anity. It is a weekly visitant—and bears its unfettered page the glad tidings of ls casting off the shackles of prejudice and king out of the dark prison house of sect. ugh the distance between us, my brother, reat, yet the Herald serves as a connecting —bringing the most distant places into close intance, and is a visible representative of piritual bond of union and sympathy which the hearts of the friends of FREEDOM into communion.

connection with our al friend Oliver Johnson, in several Coun of Western New-York, and have had a good opportunity of witnessing the oppo with which Anti-Slavery has to contend e causes from which it originates. I it may safely be affirmed that this oppo s generally the result of a *bigoted love of* Touch any thing else but the religion of untry and we would get along well enough t when we show that this religion is throw he cloak of its sanctity over the system of y and giving it that support, without which d not exist,—then it seems as if the gates infernal regions had been broken down ll its inmates let loose to defend that which clared by its professors to be the "pure re n of the Prince of Peace."—Then the lovers ect and the open enemies of righteousness, n unison against Anti-Slavery;—fully veri the truth of the old proverb that "birds eather will flock together." We have had examples in this region of late.

the 8th of March, we held a Convention allworth Corners. During the day, all was But in the evening, when Oliver came religious bearings of the question—show e people the true position of the several ominations of this country on the subject of very, and was speaking of the course pursu y the Baptist Triennial Convention, lately in Baltimore,—Elder Bennet, Baptist min arose, and virtually accused him of lying penly disputed facts which were known to Anti-Slavery child. Oliver maintained position and finished his discourse. John leville, Jr., Methodist minister, and a hearted abolitionist, made some powerful rks upon the tendency and effect of "de national pride," which set snug upon the ulders of the Elder.

then asked the attention of the audience for w moments to the fact that Slavery seizes the persons of 200 infants daily, trampling nly their bodies into the dust, but keeping minds in ignorance, putting out the very of their souls and making the image of a mere article of merchandise—that it rders its victims at the wholesale rate of 000 a year and sinks them (as far as it is in power of men to do so) into miseries unut able. I stated the candid conviction of my nd, that those ministers who in the face of se facts refuse to "cry aloud" against this damning iniquity" are the ministers of and not of Christ. Bennet exclaimed make an iron-bedstead and stretch every else upon it." I replied, that "we make bedstead and you stretch yourselves upon There was by this time a considerable con n in the house. A sober-minded black h got up and asked if they could not get nother clergyman to *head* the rowdies." The ting broke up in an uproar.—Oaths and recations were heard in different parts of the n and the "rowdies" gathered around "the ned young scoundrel that had the impu e to call such *saints* (!!) a minister of n." Some corn &c. was thrown at us, but passed out without injury.

Again.—The Wayne County Anti-Slavery nvention was held in the Court House at ons, on the 21st and 22nd of March. All gs went along tolerably smooth for a while. vards the close of the afternoon session on 21st, Brother Johnson proposed the appoint t of a committee of three to wait on the sons who had charge of the Steeple-House, see if we could get permission to hold the under of the sessions of the Convention as it would be more convenient ... nts. Columbus Croul, a professed abo st, objected. He said "the Convention was alled by citizens of that place, but by stran from abroad; and he did not know as it be best for them to open the church for that there was a class of aboli ... wished to make excitement they could, and he believed tion was made for no other purpose to get ... that if the mem of the Convention treated the citizens of ons with RESPECT, he had no doubt but they uld be ALLOWED to continue their dis ons." When the inquiry was made as to the trustees were, it was found that Mr. was one of them. That evening there a considerable disturbance, and Oliver ca upon the church friends to "look and see who r coadjutors were"—they had excluded Anti very from their church as being too unholy admittance; and now, when we pushed the against them, the mob-spirit came up to rescue. The next day, during the recess, st Ingraham and Oliver had a long talk ut the previous proceedings of the Conven and of the abolition movement generally, told Oliver his conduct was 'mean,' 'unfair,' called him 'no gentleman,' and some other epithets which I do not remember. He stood "upon his dignity," as the holy order generally do—a dignity which nobody can question without sacrilege. Oliver fathomed him to the very bottom, and pulled off that robe of religious sanctity which he was wont to wrap around himself. When asked "what the Clergy were doing for the overthrow of Slavery," he replied "the same as for the overthrow of any other sin." Verily, I believe it, they are doing nothing in reality for the overthrow of sin. They cannot do any thing. It is impossible for them to overthrow that which they themselves are full of; they are corrupt as a body, and the religion they preach is spurious. To slavery they

"Make low obeisance; and with rapturous grin,
Open their church to be the demon in—
And at his bidding, with most wondrous knack,
Lie and blaspheme and swear that white is black.
Pay a lip-worship to the Lord of Heaven,
The while their hearts are unto mammon given."

While the conversation with Priest Ingraham was going on, I heard a number of persons say that "tar and feathers was none too good for him," (meaning O. Johnson.) The consequence of the course pursued by Ingraham and his subordinate Croul, was that we had a regular bona Mob in the evening. This is the way things go—the priests and their friends say "ste' boy," and the whiffets of the rum-shops and gambling houses bark and growl.

Ingraham impugned the motives of our beloved brother Garrison, and old organization generally,—called them "infidels," &c.—but Oliver met him on every hand and manifested a spirit of kindness during the abuse of the priest that always marks the conduct of a christian. And I must say, that during the short time I have been acquainted with him, his resolute firmness in the cause of truth and self-sacrificing disposition have won my admiration and love. But I need say nothing upon this point. His long residence and labors in New-England have made you better acquainted with him than I am.

Be of good courage; the victory is surely ours.

Yours for truth,

JACOB FERRIS.

Extract from Richard Hood's Journal.

Brother Rogers: I thought I would send you a few extracts from a little memorandum, kept while travelling with Parker Pillsbury in this (Essex) County.

January 2.—We went to Ipswich, but on account of Church Fasts, Protracted Meetings, and almost total want of Anti-Slavery feeling, we were utterly unable to hold a meeting. In the evening we went to Rev. David T. Kimball's Monthly Concert for the heathen. A large assembly was convened. A long psalm was sung, then a vastly longer prayer was said by the minister, another singing, then a long printed sermon, by a Rev. D. D., one of the secretaries of the American Board, was read from the pulpit. The minister then cast his eye down to the lower floor, where the people sit, and said, "will some one lead in prayer, after which we shall sing, take the contribution and retire."—A long silence preceded a longer prayer, coldly said by one of the men present. Then came the contribution. At this moment brother Pillsbury arose and standing where he could face the whole audience, began to address them. He showed the meeting the character of the American Board; how it had from time to time held slaves, and that even now its Missionaries among the Indians, hire slaves, (if they do not own them,) and pay their owners for their work.—That in one instance they are fellow laborers with a Methodist missionary (Rev. Mr. Perry) that *shot a white man dead on the spot!!* who he supposed was stealing one of his slaves. That the Board has time and again refused *even to give testimony* against the awful heathenism of this nation. That even members of the Board were directly the creators of this heathenism of the slave. That a portion of its officers and managers are man-stealers of such a character, as that under the Mosaic Law they would surely be stoned to death. That they took the price of the slave's unrequited toil to fill their treasury; and that even slaves were sold, and the price of their blood and souls was given to the same purpose; a crime the crucifiers of the Son of God did not dare to commit, for they bought the potter's field with the thirty pieces of silver, because they said it is not lawful to put the price of blood into the treasury of the Lord. While these remarks and others like them were made, the house was still and solemn as the tombs. Brother Pillsbury was evidently understood and believed. The minister understood too, and dreading no doubt the effect, he came down from the pulpit in great agitation, and after speaking to one or two near the stove, came to brother P., and told him he must make no such remarks there. (Probably he thought he should not get so large a contribution next time, if such things were said.) Brother Pillsbury calmly remarked that he took this to be the Lord's house, and that if it was, the Lord's *children* had a right to speak. And if it was a *christian* assembly, all might speak, "one by one." And that he had only been speaking in behalf of the heathen, the object for which he understood the meeting was called. Mr. Kimball said he was Anti-Slavery, and that his views of the subject had been sent in a pamphlet to the South. "And besides" he said, "the house belongs to the singers for a Sing." Brother Pillsbury said he was sorry if he had taken the time of the singers, and that he owed them an apology if he had done so. "You owe an apology to me," said the haughty priest, "for not having made your remarks through me, coming here as you do, a stranger." No apology was made to him, and brother Pillsbury went on.—He was however again interrupted, and concluded his remarks.

The next morning we called on Mr. Kimball. The conversation was upon the American Board, Mr. K. defending their right to take the price of slaves to send the gospel to the heathen. He said it was not for the Board to reject *any* offerings. Brother P. said, "suppose Fanny Elsler should propose to dance an evening for the benefit of the Board, would that be accepted?" He said—yes. "Then," said brother P., "the Board will receive the gifts of the Theatre." The answer as before, was, yes. "And by the same rule," continued Pillsbury, "they would take the donations of the brothel." As before, the answer was, 'yes!!!' I then asked him if I should, pistol in hand, rob a man on the highway, whether the money I thus obtained, would be accepted. He probably saw that he had carried matters too far, and said, no. (Is money that the slaves earn, ever got in any other way than by pistols, rifles and other instruments of death?) And such doubtless are the views of the ministry, generally. Mr. Kimball is a more humane, exemplary and upright man than perhaps most of his brethren. * * *

If there is anything in the above that will in your opinion subserve humanity's cause, it is at your service.

Yours for freedom.

RICHARD HOOD.

Danvers, New Mills, 1842.

Stephen S. Foster, at Dover.

DOVER, April 15, 1842.

Brother Rogers: There has been another anti-slavery battle here—the hardest one I think, the place ever experienced. It has been of two weeks continuance. The smoke and dust have not settled sufficiently to afford a view of the full result. The killed, wounded and missing cannot be counted. I think there are a considerable number of each of these classes of the pro-slavery hold, that *were*. Brother Foster came here two weeks ago and commenced a siege that has been going on prosperously since, to the close of his ministry (for the present,) last evening. He has lectured to full auditories almost every evening of this time, besides operations in the "Fast day" meeting (of which there were three sessions, the citizens meeting together in one place at the same time) and in the new-organization convention held during two days. I feel an assurance that the cause of Anti-Slavery has been greatly advanced, that it has triumphed in a very great degree. I had some intention—indeed I did once conclude, to write you a history of this most desperate and successful assault of Anti-Slavery upon our quiet pro-slavery community (quiet when it is let alone by those who are exciters of seditions)—but I do not myself feel quite assured of the propriety of undertaking it. I have perhaps an over-scrupulousness in the matter. But to tell this story, "plain and unvarnished" would be to some, more "praise to the face" and to others, more dispraise to the world's ear, than appears to me should be exactly *contemporaneous* with this matter of history. It would be a curious thing as a *reminiscence*. Should I be an inhabitant of this world at a period sufficiently future to this, I think I shall delight to write it as such. Some of our neighbors already regret the part they acted in the opposition. Others I think will repent and retract. If they will, I am for one dispose to let the bad they have done perish in silence and forgetfulness. And as to the right side of the controversy, the good deeds of those acting upon it need no contemporaneous trumpeting "to make their voice to be heard." Good works will do their perfect work of themselves—for the present Historical record will make them profitable to future generations. This is my mind in the matter. I am not very confident in it, but I felt rather inclined to leave such transactions as we have had here during the two weeks past, to work their own results—or to be described by some other contemporaneous pen. They are on record—even a record that the general conflagration will not consume. May such as have acted amiss, have their portion of it effaced by tears of repentance.

E. MACK.

Jesuitical Proceedings at West Boscawen --The Congregational Church "EXCOMMUNICATING," without Trial, two of its most worthy members.

BOSCAWEN, April 16th, 1842.

Brother Rogers: When you last heard from us, we were suspended from the privileges of the Church for two weeks. At the close of the second church meeting, there was a committee chosen to labor with Benjamin T. Kimball, in order to convince him of his error. This committee consisted of Reverend Ebenezer Price, Reverend Edward Buxton, and the two Deacons. But none of them appeared, except Mr. Price. Monday, the 11th of March, was the day appointed for the decision of the Church, and to hear the report of said Committee. The appointed time arrived—no report was called for by the church. Mr. Buxton told them the cases of discipline now before the church were at that time to be decided. No one moved for some time—at length Deacon Jeremiah Gerrish, moved that Benjamin T. Kimball be excommunicated from this church. Reverend Ebenezer Price seconded the motion, but when the Moderator put the question, Mr. Price arose and said that he did not understand the motion, and would not second that motion—and wished that brother Kimball might have the opportunity of taking those objections out of the way if he chose to. Benjamin T. Kimball then arose and said that he should like to read a few verses in the Bible, and make some remarks. Some of the brethren thought it would be proper, as it might be satisfactory to the Church. But Mr. Buxton, as their spiritual Teacher, (as he says he is) overruled, AND WOULD NOT GIVE HIS CONSENT! He said that brother Kimball had had a fair trial, and it was not *proper* to discuss the subject any farther!! Benjamin T. Kimball told him that was a misrepresentation; he had had no trial—for they would receive none of his evidence; and he had done his duty by withdrawing from the church, and they must do theirs. Mr. Buxton then put the motion, *without its being called for*,—7 voted for the excommunication, and 6 against it. Four or five of our abolition friends were absent, otherwise they could not have got a vote.

Then the next business was to dispose of me. Enoch Little then arose, and said as he was the prosecuting brother, he thought it proper for him to make the motion, and moved my excommunication,—which was seconded. Mr. Buxton asked me if I was ready to *satisfy* the church. I asked him what would satisfy them. He said for me to make such an acknowledgment as the church required, and ask their *forgiveness*. I told him that I had searched my bible and could not find the requirement to ask forgiveness of any thing human; and therefore they must do as they thought best. He then put the question—eight voted for my excommunication—one was a minor, which was contrary to the usage which they strictly adhered to during the trial, *when in their favor*. Thus you can, in some degree, see the spirit that was manifested towards us. Here follows my

BULL OF EXCOMMUNICATION.

Boscawen, March 27, 1842.—The Second Congregational Church of Boscawen, by its Pastor, to DAVID F. KIMBALL:

SIR,—In entering into covenant with God and His people, you acknowledged your indispensable obligation to glorify God in the duties of a sober, righteous and godly life; particularly, in the duties of a church state—walking in the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless; and you solemnly promised us as a member of Christ's visible church watchfully to avoid sinful contentions and stumbling-blocks, whereby mutual love and edification may be obstructed. In violation of these solemn covenant engagements,

You have given countenance to a *heretical* teacher:

And have aided and abetted Stephen S. Foster in disturbing the public worship of the church.

When the church sought to convince you of your sin, and restore you to the path of duty, you refused to hear them, and denounced them as a corrupt body with whom you could have no fellowship. In accordance therefore with the directions of Christ, they, on Monday, the 11th instant,

Voted, That David F. Kimball be

Excommunicated

from this Church.

By this *solemn* transaction, may you be admonished to ponder the subject of your preparation to appear with the church before God.

By order of the church,

EDWARD BUXTON, Pastor.

MR. DAVID F. KIMBALL.

A true copy,

D. F. KIMBALL.

I propose, brother Rogers, to correct a few falsehoods in the above communication. 1st, he charges me with aiding and abetting S. S. Foster, in his attempt to disturb the worship of the church. That accusation is false. S. S. Foster came on his own responsibility; he was invited into the pew where I sat. I knew not whether he intended to speak or not, until he arose and made the attempt; then, when they attempted to drag him over the back of the pew, I remonstrated against it, and told them to open the door and take him out there, and they did so. This is all they proved against me, *except a few hearsays that somebody else said*,—nothing that I had said or done myself. Such evidence I objected to, but Enoch Little said he wanted this merely "to give it a *coloring*." 2d, he says the church sought to convince me of my sin, and bring me back to the path of duty, and I refused to hear them. When the brethren came to see me they said I had grieved them by my conduct, and thought I ought to make satisfaction to the church. I told them I had nothing to do about Mr. Foster's coming here,—said nothing to him about his speaking, but supposed that he would, as was his custom wherever he went,—and told them that I thought it a mobocratic spirit that dragged him from the house. Mr. Buxton says that I refused to hear them. That was not the case; I heard all the evidence that they brought against me. When I came to make my defense, they REFUSED TO HEAR MY WITNESS, because he was an "*infidel*."

I then told the church I should go no further in the trial, for I thought they had manifested an unchristian spirit towards me all through the trial, and so long as they continued to manifest that spirit I did not wish to remain with them, and should withdraw fellowship from them.—Mr. Buxton accused me of denouncing them as a corrupt body, which accusation is *false*, for I used no such expression, and I believe he knows it, and all that were present know it.

Now the church has done all she can do to me, and wishes me now to ponder the subject and prepare to meet the church before God. I am willing to meet them at the judgment seat of Christ, with this case, where we all shall have a fair trial,—where it will not be necessary to bring witness to give the subjects a *coloring*. I hope we shall see better days yet, and this church will be brought to repentance for the sins which she is guilty of, before we are all called to appear before the bar of God.

Yours for the truth,

as it is in Christ,

D. F. KIMBALL.

CONCORD:

FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1842.

"We"

Shall try to leave off the use of this Royal pronoun, in future, and speak in the singular —although it may be a *singular* editorial step. has for some time struck 'us' as an impropriety. 'we' did not wish to be forward to make innovations on the manners of the times, that were absolutely called for. But 'I' struck 'us' as simple—and is certainly more true, and *I* think forcible, as well as more responsible, and I will tempt to use it. It may sound egotistical, but is in fact *doubly* so, I think—for it is person, not number, that constitutes the Ego-ism,— there is actually a plurality spoken of. When *one* calls himself '*we*,' it is not only 'I,' but magnifying itself—expanding itself, as the frog in imitation of the ox. 'We' is 'I' aggravated. I won't ask any plurality Editors to adopt it,—nor indeed any corporation *sole*. I only drop a word here in extenuation of departure from a heavy custom. I don't know its origin, and can't think the reason of it, unless, as I said before, it was to avoid the appearance of Egotism. But it seems to me it does not avoid it. It is *I* that speaks, after all, and that dares to give an opinion, and why should not it *say* 'I?' It is not a pretty pronoun I know, but then I think it is rather what 'I' says, and how it says it, than the saying it in the name of 'I,' that looks egotistical, and arrogating. Kings say 'we.' I don't fancy Kings. The Clergy say 'we'—probably in imitation of Kings, who say it in imitation of God. The clergy affect the power and sacredness of God, and why should not they the style? Let the clergy say 'we.' I don't like the clergy.

'I' is natural. It is what people say, when they talk, and when they write letters, and say what they *mean*. An earnest man in conversation, does not say 'we,'—unless his "name is Legion." One said 'we,' of old, for that reason, and there was propriety in it. But enough. I will try singularity a time, and see if I can make it work—offering perhaps a very singular reason, as the main one, that 'I' is the *truth*, and 'we' not.

President Lord and Dartmouth College.

I have had occasion heretofore to express my opinion of the anti-slavery character of this learned and pious Seminary, and of its distinguished chief magistrate. I was regarded as inordinate, and most irreverent to talk so unceremoniously of this fountain of learning and its doctorated President. I knew what I said was true, nevertheless. An incident occurred the other day, (which I meant to mention in the time of it) which will show something of the *anti-slavery* of the College and its head. I have to resort to slight indications—the Seminary and the President are *prudent*, and do not commit themselves grossly on this embarrassing question—nor indeed on any other—where Learning, especially ecclesiastical, is always *prudent*.

C. C. Burleigh is the most exempt from opprobrium the most *unobnoxious* probably of all the anti-slavery orators. He is scarcely censured by New Organization itself. Not that it loves friend Charles more—but certain others, vastly less. Hence it takes occasion sometimes even to compliment him. Burleigh is less unpopular too in community than any other of our orators. I attribute this to his extraordinary eloquence. People are charmed with this, till they forget the hated cause, in which it is displayed. Another reason may be that his argument is so complete—so abundant, and so beautiful, that men are ashamed not to be pleased with it, or to own they are not. He differs from some others who launch forth the terrible truths of the cause and instead of captivating the intellect of the auditory with sun-beam argument, to prove their truth, harrow their consciences by an unsparing application of it. From whatever cause, Charles Burleigh is the orator, who can get a hearing where nobody else can.

Well—he was about passing through New Hampshire from Vermont, and wrote to me to procure him an appointment for a lecture on the College Plain. It occurred to me, it was an opportunity to test the abolitionism of Doctor Lord—and I wrote to him to appoint Burleigh a meeting. I thought I would *try* the Doctor. If he appointed the meeting I meant to give him the credit of it in the *Herald of Freedom*—which he would foresee, and that would *try* him. If he refused, I meant to give him the credit of turning his back on CHARLES BURLEIGH,—I thought the prospect of that might *try* him. Had it been the notorious Foster—or the outlawed Pillsbury—or the Infidel Garrison, I should

not have thought of writing Doctor Lord. The following is a copy of my note to him:

"*Concord, Feb'y* 25, 1842.

President Lord: I have just received a letter from C. C. Burleigh, of Philadelphia—the distinguished anti-slavery lecturer, in which he wishes me to procure him the appointment of a lecture at Hanover, on the evening of Tuesday, the 1 of March. This is therefore to request that you would cause the appointment to be made, and notice given as early and extensively as may be. In such a cause, and in behalf of such a lecturer, I need of course, make no apology for troubling you with this request.

I am your brother,

N. P. ROGERS.

"P. S. Time, 1-2 past 6, and friend Burleigh writes that no disappointment need be apprehended, if he does not arrive till late before the time."

I was somewhat curious to see how the President would *dispose* of the application. I did not like, on friend Burleigh's account, to risk his appointing the meeting, and wrote a note to brother Jesse Carter, a mechanic on the Plain,—a faithful abolitionist—informing him what I had done, and wishing him to see to the appointment, if the Doctor would not. After having done this, I did not feel entirely satisfied not to inform the Doctor of it, and added the following to my P. S.:

"I would add that I have requested friend Jesse Carter to do what he can towards appointing the lecture, in case my application to you should not be successful."

Bad travelling prevented friend Burleigh's reaching Hanover till too late in the evening to speak.—He called on the Doctor next morning, (having learned of my note to him.) The Doctor told him I had written him, and acted as if all was agreeable to him,—but said that friend Carter had called on him, and he had entrusted *the appointment of the meeting to him.* Now friend Carter is a humble cordwainer, and so enjoys *commanding influence* on the College Plain, and *great facilities* for getting up meetings, and introducing lecturers! The Doctor would *naturally*, as he was *interested* in the cause and the lecture, commit the arrangements to friend Carter's hands!

The Doctor shrewdly avoided the dilemma of my application. He had neither complied with it, nor refused. He had seen Burleigh and satisfied him,—and the appointment, if any had been made, could not implicate him, or the College. It was got up by nobody but *shoe-maker* Carter!

The following letter from friend Carter, reveals the Doctor's actual position, and the course he took:

Hanover, March 5, 1842.

Brother Rogers: I received your letter stating that C. C. Burleigh would lecture here on the first of this month. I made an attempt to procure a place for him to lecture in. I found on inquiry that it was useless to attempt to procure the Congregational Meeting-House. I then attempted to get the Hall. Mr. Morse stated to me at the first interview, that I might have it for $3.00, but pretty soon called on me, and stated that he was unwilling that I should have the Hall, for he understood that when the abolitionists had it about one year ago, there was a great noise, and he was afraid of another. But I stated to him that then it was a discussion, and not a lecture, and that Mr. St. Clair was the cause of the disturbance. He then gave me liberty to have the hall by paying two dollars more, and under these circumstances I was unwilling to take it. I next called on the Methodist minister, the Rev. Mr. Butler, for the meeting-house. I will give you his language: "We have a series of religious meetings this week for the benefit of those who worship in the house, to see if we can produce more religious feeling, and," he added, "I must consult some of my brethren who were conscientiously opposed to Abolitionism,—for myself, I am an Abolitionist." I concluded then to procure a place on Norwich Plain, one mile from here. I went over and found the people very desirous of one, and agreed to open the Meeting-House. I put up notices here, as there were many people who wished to hear him. I waited the night the meeting was appointed till nearly 8 o'clock, and as I found he did not come, I went over and notified them that he would not probably be here. I found a crowded house, and the people very anxious to hear him.—They dispersed peaceably. Since, several gentlemen have called on me from Norwich, wishing Mr. Burleigh to lecture at some future period, as soon as convenient.

Yours,

JESSE CARTER.

The College Synagogue could not be had. The Doctor knew, of course, that Jesse Carter could not get it. But then the Doctor is *an abolitionist*, and nobody he knew could object to C. C. BURLEIGH—and the Doctor would have got him the Meeting-House had it been in his power! He would have laid in with some anti-slavery freshman,—who had not been there long enough to out-grow his home abolitionism, to call on some Tutor, to beseech some Deacon, to entreat the College Pastor, to open the house. The Doctor would have done thus much, had he been an abolitionist. Did he? He wrapped himself in his presidential ermine and shrewdly turned off the matter on to friend Carter. Well, he had a right to. It might hazard the College popularity and patronage. The Dr. has $2000 salary, I understand. If the College declines, the salary would decline with it. Besides it is an undignified business, beneath Presidential and Doctorian interposition. The shoe-maker was fitter to act in it.

Now had the Reverend Alanson St. Clair applied for the house to show forth the extraneous propensities of Old-Organization, the Doctor would have ordered the spacious old Meeting-House opened.—St. Clair was born and bred to letters, as well as recently converted to divinity, which gives him favor in College atmosphere over Burleigh and Pillsbury, who were brought up at the plough handle.

Friend Carter could not get the meeting-house—nor the College chapel, favorable as the President was to the lecture. The President has not access to them! He went to the classical tavern—the *Taberna*, as they call it there, probably. He could not get that without paying a real Dartmouth price. And after hiring it at that, the College Taverner rose upon his own exorbitancy, and demanded nearly double. He was afraid the literary young gentlemen would be disturbed by the noise of the lecturer, as they were a year ago, or would make a *row* themselves. I am glad he demanded it. He lost his $3 by grabbing at the other $2, as the dog dropped his beef, to grab its shadow in the stream. I am glad he went off the plain altogether, and hope he left the literary dust behind him, that adhered to his feet. He went over the Connecticut into Vermont. I am glad he did—and when anti-slavery has again occasion to visit Dartmouth College, I would recommend to her to go directly to the other side of the river. Patridge's hateful military academy is there, to be sure, but a war school is not so callousing to humanity, as one of these preliminary schools to a Theological Gymnasium. Norwich Plain is as near Dartmouth College, as humanity ought ever to think of venturing—and as near as she can ever get a night's lodging, or a chance to speak. Hardened as that place may have become, under the influence of that martial academy—it has not been blighted and seared and withered up, by the genius of pedant Theology—which has as much bowels of compassion, as the College Plain has for a pennyless student.

I hope the Norwich people will have a chance to hear Burleigh. He will feel strongly inclined to go there to requite them for their manly turn out to hear him. If he does, I would recommend to friend Hadduck's pupils in Oratory, to go over and hear him, if they can behave well enough not to disturb the lecture. It would do them good to hear a sample of sensible speaking. It would make the "Dartmouth tone" sound oddly to their ears.

The Reverend Methodist brother was laboring under apprehensions of a "Revival," managed by "brethren conscientiously opposed to abolitionism!" and he could not open the Methodist Mosque. He is an abolitionist. He *said* he was—which was the highest evidence he had to offer. "For myself"—he said—"I am an abolitionist." I guess "*for himself*" only. All these clergy are abolitionists *for themselves.*

But enough—and more than enough. The case is full of developements—but developements are thickening on every hand, and time and room are all too scanty for showing up a tythe of them. All go to show the vital anti-slavery truth, that the clergy are naturally hostile to humanity and human liberty—and so to the anti-slavery cause. That no reliance can be placed on their pretensions to abolitionism—or on those of a clergy-ridden—clergy-led literary institution, like that priestly College. Nathan Lord would be a man, and an abolitionist—were he not a Priest, or a President. Now he can be neither. He has to bow his strong and generous nature to the yoke. His fine mind is narrowed and subdued to his ignominious position.

The People's Advocate.

To descend somewhat from "liberal education" matters, I owe a word to the junior Editor—or late junior—if that Reverend paper *extinguishes*—as it threatens to do. The Junior friend complained that he had been over looked by the Herald of Freedom, and that certain hasty falsehoods which he was entitled to the sole credit of—in the editorials of the Advocate, had been attributed to his senior brother, the Reverend Mr. Tracy. He charges the Herald of Freedom with knowingly crediting Mr. Tracy with a mistatement, which of right belonged wholly to himself. I really did not intend this wrong. I did not know at the time of noticing it, that he was the author of the little account of the Franklin Convention. I had not read the paper much, or known the junior editor, and was thinking only of Mr. Tracy. And now, the Reverend Mr. Tracy is equally entitled with Mr. Colby, it seems to me, to the credit of the misrepresentation. It is not much—half, or the whole of it. The literary credit is, it appears, wholly Mr. Colby's. That certainly is not worth quarrelling about. The lie itself belongs to the partnership,—just as it would, had Mr. Tracy penned it instead of Mr. Colby. It goes out in the name of both. It is a partnership lie. And I would advise friend Colby to let Mr. Tracy share with him in the composition also. I should not covet the whole of that, were I he. And, if I thought of starting *another* periodical, I would not call public attention to either.

The Junior Editor speaks of my leaving the Bar, to avoid expulsion—and of my suing folks, &c., if I remember the drift of his article. Now he will pardon me for noticing this. I would not, were I only *personally* concerned,—but it might possibly, if unnoticed, cast some amount of odium on the cause the Herald is laboring in, and that has enough to bear now,—though none too much. I can only say that the facts charged are both news to me, and if somebody has not abused the junior brother with a rumor, I fear he can fabricate *after* the fact, as well as *before*, as he did about Franklin. It is not in good taste to *misrepresent*, (my young friend will allow me to say to him,) as to any thing beside what we are contending about. We are contending about the relative importance of Humanity and Reverend Politics. I go for Humanity. The Messrs. Advocate for Reverend Politics. Now any fibbing they may either of them see cause to resort to, touching that subject matter—is not so *extraneous* to say the least. But enough. I will only add that if the Advocate stops—the managers of it will, I hope, remember to pay the *Anti-Slavery* paper-makers.

Missionaries, Men-Stealers!!

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear!"

It has often been intimated of late, that some of the Missionaries of the American Board were Slaveholders, but as often, promptly denied.—The following from the Boston Recorder, settles the question. The Secretaries of the Board have known ever since 1836, that Rev. J. L. Wilson, and (according to his story) other Missionaries of the Board, are SLAVEHOLDERS. And they have been all this time as silent as a gang of counterfeiters, over the outrageous fact. And Dr. Woods, of Andover, in his Report on the Remonstrance of the fourteen New Hampshire ministers at the last Annual Meeting of the Board, could with unblushing effontery declare, that "*the Board can sustain no relation to slavery which implies approbation of the system.*" And in 1837, David Greene, one of the Secretaries, declared in a published letter, that the Board had instructed the Missionaries to discontinue the practice of even *hiring slaves.* The Congregational Observer, a paper friendly to the Board, may well say "The Secretaries have failed to act with their usual judgment, or have acted indiscreetly, to say the least, in suppressing Mr. Wilson's letter, for six years;" a letter in which he declared himself, and other Missionaries of the Board to be Slave-Holders.

Infamous deceivers the Secretaries & managers of that institution have at length proved themselves. Many of the best men and women in the land have long considered them so, but now there is no farther room to doubt. Look too at the Recorder's apology for the crime. Do the minions of the Board suppose the people can now be deceived by such miserable mockery of all reason and common sense? P.

REV. J. L. WILSON.—This gentleman is a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Africa. He is also a slaveholder. Though he has abandoned home and kindred, and devoted his life and his all to the most self denying labors, and pestilence and death—it is his misfortune to hold property in the 'bones and sinews' of his fellow men. And for this, must he be cut off from the fellowship of Christian brethren, and denounced as a wicked man and manstealer? The facts are these—his slaves come to him by inheritance—the laws of his native State do not allow him to set them free on the soil—they are not willing to go elsewhere—were they emancipated contrary to their will, they would be arrested at once and exposed to public sale, and almost inevitably fall into bondage ten-fold more oppressive than any thing they have yet known. They have the *offer* of freedom, if they will go where they could retain and enjoy it. But they will not accept it. What can the master do, in the case? And such no doubt is the condition of *many* masters at the South—they would be gladly relieved were it possible, but they *cannot* be at present; and for the aggravation of their sufferings, they are denounced as the basest of men, and excluded from the charities and the fellowship of many Northern ministers and churches! Which, in the judgment of common sense and the Bible, are most unchristian in their conduct—the involuntary slaveholder, or the denouncing church?—*Boston Recorder.*

Read, Read, and Ponder upon,

The startling facts set forth in the following Extract from the Address of the Christian Anti-Slavery Convention (recently held in New-York) to the Ministers and Churches in the United States.

Among the developements of a worldly, selfish, sensual and wicked spirit, in this country, the oppressions and impurities of American slavery stand pre-eminent. It is a system that reduces human beings to the condition of chattels personal, and consequently deprives them of all their rights. The slaves can possess no property, can claim no part of their earnings, nor even themselves. They can make no contract, not even the contract of marriage. They can claim none of the rights and privileges of the family relation. They are herded together as beasts. The parents cannot claim the obedience or service of the children, nor provide for their instruction. The children cannot claim the protection of their parents. The husband and wife can claim no right in each other. They are bought and sold and separated from each other and from their children at the pleasure of their masters, or as their interests or necessities may require. The family relation is thus overthrown, and the seventh commandment of the decalogue abrogated. Licentiousness is reduced to a system. Not one of his civil or religious rights can the slave claim at the hands of his master or of the community. Except by providing for his punishment, the law treats him, not as a man, but as a thing. He is, in most cases, forbidded to read, and of course denied access to the Bible. A state of compulsory heathenism is the general and acknowledged result. When admitted to the churches, the slaves are still forbidden the Bible. They are bought and sold and scourged and imbruted by their professed Christian brethren. Forbidden by the laws to testify in civil courts, where a white person is concerned, they have no real protection for their persons, and though hundreds of them are known to have been wantonly murdered by the whites, no white person was ever yet known to be capitally punished by the law for their murder.

We need not labor the point to prove that such a system is wicked. And yet it would be equally needless to tell you that the wickedness has crept into the church—that it has found a resting place there—that it is apologised for and defended—that the Scriptures themselves are tortured to find a justification of these practices.

A large portion of professors of religion at the South are slaveholders. The same is true of the ministers of religion. The laws sustaining the slave system are supported by them. They are among the legislators by whom these mischiefs are framed. They are, for the most part, the approvers and the willing and zealous supporters and partizans of such law-makers. They join with the openly wicked in suppressing inquiry, and in "breathing out threatnings and slaughter" against the reprovers of this great national sin.

With the Southern ministers and churches, as thus described, the ministers and churches of the North, for the greater part, are closely and willingly connected. They sympathize with them—apologize for, or justify them—while, to a great extent, they join hands with worldly and wicked men, in opposing, deriding and defaming those who bear testimony against the slave system. The most subtle and ingenious defences and apologies for slavery and slaveholding have been written and published by leading ministers of religion in the Northern States.—Houses of worship have been commonly closed against discussions of the opposers of the slave system, while its apologists, including slaveholding ministers, are almost always admitted. The cord of caste is recognized in the "negro pew" and in the arrangements of the seminaries of learning, under the control of church members and ministers. The efforts of slave holders to banish the free people of color, by a system of invidious and vexatious measures for their expatriation, have been received by the churches and ministry of the North, in general, with marked favor; and this is still done, after the object of the measure to strengthen the slave system has been distinctly and repeatedly avowed, and after the purpose of compulsory expulsion has been at length distinctly and openly proclaimed. The Northern churches and ministry, too as well as the Southern, instead of bearing testimony against the slave laws, and exerting themselves for their repeal, are commonly found among the active supporters and framers of those laws, so far as they have opportunity—that is to say, so far as the District and Territories and the traffic subject to the National legislation are concerned. So that if there be any guilt in supporting the slave system, the churches and ministry of the North as really as those of the South, are very extensively and deeply involved in that guilt.

The time may have been when this sin, on the part of Northern ministers and churches, might be charitably regarded as, in some respects, the sin of misapprehension or ignorance. The objects and sentiments of abolitionists were misrepresented and misunderstood; and although (we regret to say it) these misrepresentations originated mainly with Northern ministers and professors of religion, from whom better things should have been expected, yet large numbers, for a time, may have been innocently deceived. But there can be no reasonable excuse for such misapprehensions now. Abolitionists are distinctly understood. And the frightful apprehensions connected with them have dissappeared. The supposed dangers and disadvantages of abolishing slavery are now no longer dwelt upon or urged. They have vanished from the popular mind, and of course, from the vision of the Northern churches and ministry, like the mist before the sun. And with them, their old excuses for not engaging in the work of pleading the cause of the poor—thin and light as they always were—have, at length, entirely vanished away.

And yet, to a great and lamentable extent, the position of the Northern churches and ministry remains the same that it has hitherto been. Is there not something fearful in these facts?

From the Western Reserve Chronicle—Extra.

A Voice from Mr. Giddings' own District.

WARREN, Trumbull County, Ohio,
March 31, 1842.

Upon the return of the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, late representative in Congress from this Congressional district, a public meeting was called at the Court House, without distinction of party, and organized by calling Gen. Simon Perkins to the chair, and appointed John Hutchins, secretary.

Mr. Giddings being called upon, addressed a large and attentive audience for more than an hour, giving a brief history of the proceedings of the House of Representatives of the United States, which led to the resignation of his seat in that body; with his reasons for resigning.

After which John Hutchins submitted the following resolutions, which being seconded by George Parsons, were passed by acclamation, but four voices dissenting.

Resolved, That the right of a representative in Congress, to express freely his views, upon questions of public policy, is secured by the Constitution, and is indispensably necessary to enable him to carry out the will of his constituents; and its *unrestricted* exercise should be sacredly guarded by all *free* deliberative bodies in a republican government.

Resolved, That to pass a vote of censure upon a member for thus freely expressing his views when he violates no rule of order, is transcending the powers of Congress, subversive of the Constitution, an infringment of the rights of the people, interference with the freedom of opinion, and directly at war with the spirit of our institutions.

Resolved, That we approve of the course of the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, from this district, in resigning his seat in Congress, on account of the vote of censure for introducing his series of resolutions relative to the brig "Creole."

Resolved, That Mr. Giddings be requested, without any formal nomination, to permit his name to be brought before this congressional district for re-election; so that his constituents may have an opportunity of passing upon his conduct in resigning, and upon the matters which led to his resignation.

After the adoption of the foregoing resolutions, on motion of John Hutchins, it was

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the chairman and secretary, and forwarded to the Hon. John White, Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, and that he be requested to lay them before that body.

After a vote to publish the proceedings in the papers of the town, the meeting adjourned.

SIMON PERKINS, *Chairman.*

JOHN HUTCHINS, *Secretary.*

This great outrage upon freedom breaks down the walls of party, as the plague in London made men forget sectarianism, and weep and worship together in any church they found.

Mr. Hutchins, who moved the foregoing resolutions, is of the democratic party; but a genuine friend of freedom will respect her laws none the less, because their violation has wringed a political opponent.

The New-York American says:

Mr. Hutchins, in the course of his remarks read the manly comment made by the Evening Post, of this city, on the occasion of the censure; and we are glad that he did so, for it is thus the press is rendered bold to do well. It is by noting its voice echoed back again from the people, that it finds courage and support to break through the bonds of party or personal interests—and dares to be honest, rather than seek by concession, to become popular for an hour.

Curious Calculation.—Uncle Sam, says the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, is now obliged to pay $2 000 per diem for Congressional Sessions of three hours duration. This is upwards of $666 per hour! The time required to make the call of the house, is about 20 minutes, consequently every call of the ayes and nays costs the nation $222.

WEEKLY LIST OF REMITTANCES.

Moses Martin, Underwood & Hoyt, Joseph Foster, $1.50 each——Peter Kimball $2.25——Elias Smith 2.00——Jonathan Cummings 3.21——Wells Robbins 1.71——Giles Dart 1.00——Thomas Kimball, Jr., 25 cts.

Terrible Steamboat Accident.

On Thursday the boiler of the steamboat Medora, lying at the wharf in Baltimore, exploded just as the boat was about to start—utterly destroying the vessel and causing a fearful loss of life.

The Medora was a new boat intended to run between Baltimore and Norfolk, and at the time of the explosion was just starting on a trial trip having on board a number of the directors of the company to which she belonged, with friends whom they had invited, besides many workmen engaged in finishing the equipments, &c. We copy the following from the Baltimore American.

A gentlemen who was on board informs us that the engine had only made the second revolution, in order to back the Medora from the wharf, when the boiler exploded with a loud noise, carrying upward a considerable portion of the upper deck and those upon it, and blowing the smoke stacks high into the air. The main force of the explosion was almost exclusively toward the head of the boat, and the portions of the boat around the boiler were torn to pieces. The boiler itself, an immense one of iron, was thrown crosswise on the deck.

Our informant was in the after part of the boat, where the steam had no injurious effect. He states that several persons jumped over-board and that one of them was drowned. The boat immediately settled in the water until her hull rested on the bottom of the river.

In the centre and forward part of the boat there was a fearful destruction of life and limb. Some of those on board were blown high in the air and fell on shore, in the water, and on the wrecks lying near by. Others were crushed with the splintered timbers; others scalded with the steam; while those below the decks, not having time to escape, were either suffocated by steam or drowned when the boat sunk.

We annex a list of all those who were injured or killed, as far as we could learn them. There are no doubt some who were on board, whose loss will only be known by their not returning to their homes.

Captain Sutton, who had command of the boat, was standing over the boiler when it exploded. He was much injured in the head, and and it was very doubtful yesterday whether he would recover.

John C. Moale, Esq. the agent of the steam boat line, was on board with his two sons. Mr. Moale had his right foot dislocated, and was injured in the side and back. Soon after he was taken home he expired.

Mr. Moale's eldest son, William, a fine lad about 14 years of age, was killed almost instantly. His second son, who was also on board was dangerously injured.

Joseph Lecompte had both legs broken and was otherwise much injured. He was blown high into the air, and fell on board the steamboat Constitution, lying close by. He died soon after being taken on shore.

Capt John Vickers, keeper of a public house, was blown into the air and fell on the wharf—He was taken up dead.

Andrew F. Henderson, Esq., the President of the Steamboat line, was scalded severely, and wounded in the head. He appeared to be doing well last night.

John Watchman, the builder of the engine, injured, but not seriously.

———Young, ship joiner, blown on board the Constitution—died immediately.

Benj. French, painter—dead.

R. H. Middleton, (clerk in the Savings Bank) scalded, but not seriously.

John Henderson, block and pump maker, scalded in the head, but not seriously.

Albert Ramsey, engineer of the boat, injured as was also the assistant engineer, but not dangerously.

Richard Linthicum, badly scalded, leg broken, and recovery doubtful.

Duncan Ferguson—slightly hurt. Alexander Spavin—not much injured. Samuel Glann—scalded. West Cully, sailor—badly scalded.—John Spedden,—ship carpenter, dangerously wounded—not expected to recover. ——Kaylor, severely scalded ——Brenen, printer badly scalded. Lawrence Rigger, seriously injured. James Clarke, not expected to live—Thomas Eldridge, not expected to live. Geo. Enley, workmen at Watchman's foundry—very badly scalded. John Boon, printer—dead David Frazier, badly scalded. Patrick Collins, very much mutilated. Zachariah Nichols,—scalded. Francis Bozyt—seriously scalded. Jackson Reeder—very badly scalded, not expected to live. ——Stripple, slightly scalded. John Burns, a lad, dead. James Mitchell, missing. Joseph Gregg, seriously scalded. Levi Boston fireman—scalded. Francis McKeer,—missing. George Hoofnagle, a workman in the establishment of Mr. Watchman, badly scalded. ——Smith ship carpenter, very much scalded.

The Mayor has advertised for a hundred workmen to clear away the wreck of the boat and recover the bodies of the citizens now missing.

Under the circumstances, and in the absence of any investigation, it is of course impossible to say what was the direct and immediate cause of this fatal calamity. It is generally supposed, however, that as the boat had been some time ready for departure and the steam up, the boiler must have been nearly exausted, and had become hot, and that in this state water was turned in; it is certain that at the moment of the explosion, steam was letting off with considerable force.

NINTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
American Anti-Slavery Society.

The Ninth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will be held in the city of New-York, by adjournment, beginning on Tuesday, the eleventh of May.

THE PUBLIC ANNIVERSARY,

will be held on Tuesday morning, in the Tabernacle, in Broadway, near Anthony-street. Services to commence at 10 o'clock.

The friends of liberty throughout the country are hereby invited to attend.

The Executive Committee earnestly call for a large representation of abolitionists, from all parts of the country. Subjects of great moment to humanity, and to every interest of the nation, will be submitted for discussion. Farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, friends,—consider it your *duty* to overcome common obstacles, and to make sacrifices, that you may attend, and give the aid of your counsel, and the strength of your courage;—consider it time *well and economically spent*, in the best of all services—that of your own nature, of the age in which you live, and of that which you will bequeath to your children! Remember, that the efficiency of anti-slavery operations for the entire year, depends greatly on the spirit and impulse of the *Annual Meeting!* Throw into the balance, the terrible lot of the millions of our enslaved fellow-beings; let the remembrance of their sufferings sink deep into your hearts; in the name of all that is just, and good, and merciful, we exhort you to *come up and help!* By order of the Executive Committe,

WILLIAM P. POWELL, } *Committee of*
J. S. GIBBONS, } *Arrangements.*
LYDIA MARIA CHILD, *Recording Secretary.*

Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker for February.

The Antiquity of Freedom.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines
That stream with grey-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spades, and flowers spring up
Unsown and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds,
The leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass
A fragrance from the cedars thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long, dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

Oh FREEDOM! thou art not as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield; and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee:
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.
Thy birth-right was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
Your only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yet subtler; he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
May'st thou unbrace thy corslet, or lay by
Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new Earth and Heaven. But would'st thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the inviolated Earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

Communications.

CHRONICLES.

CHAPTER I.

1. And it came to pass in those days that one of the prophets, Stephen, whose sir name was Foster, went down from Concord to Somersworth;

2. And it being the Sabbath day, Stephen desired of the wardens of the sect of Congregationalists, leave to speak unto the people in their synagogue; but the wardens said unto him thou art one that troubleth the churches and thou shalt not speak but keep silence.

3. And Stephen could obtain no place in which he might speak unto the people by day; no nor by night, save the Universalists gave him liberty to go into their synagogue that evening.

4. And Stephen, being glad, went into the synagogue of the Congregationalists at mid-day; and while the High Priest was adjusting his robes and the Pharisees were coming into their seats and disfiguring their faces that they might appear unto men to be pious, he arose and began to notify the people of his intention to speak in the evening at the synagogue of the Universalists.

5. Then were the wardens wroth; and Ezra, the hostler, whose sir name was Hathren, and James, the butcher, whose sir name was Porter, laid hands upon Stephen and handled him roughly, putting his cap on his head with great violence; but Stephen made as if he would bow in prayer; nevertheless Ezra and James dragged him out of the synagogue, saying did we not tell thee to keep silence.

6. Now some of the people followed them out of the synagogue, and began to persuade the wardens to let Stephen alone, as he had done no wrong.

7. But James was wroth, howbeit he did not butcher Stephen.

8. And there came out also some who hated Stephen, among whom were Asahel, the taverner, who made great pretensions to temperance, (but the temperance people had no confidence in him,) and he, with a singer whose sir name was Tasker, these both declared that Stephen ought to be chastised with a green hide:

9. But James did not chastise Stephen, but threatened some of those who stood round about, because they gave him advice which he did not like.

10. Now James was a member of the church, and made long prayers and appeared unto men to be pious.

11. And Stephen returned into the synagogue from whence he had been dragged, and took his seat as aforetime, near the altar; and after the High Priest had finished calling upon the name of the Lord, Stephen arose and began to explain his reasons for coming into their synagogue at mid-day:

12. Whereupon Nathaniel, an expounder of the law, commanded him to desist; but Stephen replied whether it be right to obey God or man, judge ye; and moreover Stephen said that in a religious meeting where the spirit of the Lord was there was liberty, and said he felt that God's spirit commanded him to speak; but if they would say that this was not a religious meeting he would sit down.

13. And James went to John, who turned the great wheel.

14. Now this John had heretofore swayed the city according to his pleasure; but at the last town meeting the temperance people had broken John's wheel at the cistern; and would give no heed to any thing which he said; save only with the Congregationalists had he power, for they said he loveth our sect and goeth into our synagogue to worship, and does not hire more than fifty men to work on the Sabbath day.

15. And when James had obtained orders of John, he went forward rejoicing in spirit to think he had found favor in the eyes of John.

16. And he said within himself how gracious is John to permit me to do this great thing in the sight of all the people!

17. And James, with another, took hold of Stephen, and put upon his head a large hat which made him look ridiculous in the sight of all the congregation; but Stephen mildly besought them that they would give him his own cap; and they dragged him out a second time.

18. And at eventide Stephen went up into the mountain to the synagogue of the Universalists, and there preached unto the people of Slavery; and they heard him gladly.

19. Now the rest of the acts of Stephen, how he continued to preach in the synagogue of the Universalists, and how he grew in favor with the people, are they not not written in the book of the Herald of Freedom.

Anti-Slavery.

From the Liberator.

The American Colonization Society.

The official organ of this Society, the AFRICAN REPOSITORY, has for some time past presented as shabby an appearance, as the scheme which it advocates is unrighteous and detestable; but the last number comes to us in a more decent dress, though stocked with its usual quantity of cant, humbug and audacity. Considering the atrocious designs of the Colonizatian Society upon the colored population of this country to have been frustrated, and its power effectually prostrated, by the disclosures which were made by us as to its real character, years ago, we have not recently written much against it, though we have kept our eye steadily upon its operations. The time has been, when thousands of well meaning, human persons whose sympathies were stirred within them in behalf of the people of color, gave it their cordial support—verily believing, in their ignorance of its origin, principles and purposes, that it was a most benevolent and praisworthy association. The eyes of all such have long since been opened to perceive how great was the delusion under which they labored, and how impudent was the imposture which had been palmed off upon them. They are now found in the anti-slavery ranks, lamenting their former blindness, but rejoicing in the light and laboring with great zeal and energy for the total extinction of slavery, in accordance with the attributes of justice and the claims of humanity. Those who now adhere to the Colonization Society are composed exclusivly of those who are arrayed against the abolition enterprise—in other words, of human flesh dealers, the friends and apologists of slavery, those who are rabid with colorphobia, and all mobocratic spirits. Find a colonizationist where you will, and you will find one who is hollow in his benevolence, spurious in his republicanism, and hypocritical in his religion. The colored man abhors him, and the abolitionist sees in him one who is to be sharply rebuked before all people. There never has been since the murderous Cain colonized Abel out of his sight, so contemptible, villainous and brutal a conspiracy, as that which has been formed, under the auspices of this Society, to hustle and crowd out of this country into the Atlantic ocean, or on to the benighted coast of Africa, (provided they do not become food for sharks on the passage,) a large and horribly abused portion of our population, simply on account of the hue of their skin, and the texture of their hair. It would be difficult to find any thing in or out of pandemonium to match it. What can be more shameless than its position, that it is not in the power of Christianity to destroy the loathsome and unnatural caste which now prevails in the land, to the enslavement of nearly three millions of the inhabitants? It is not only impudent, but impious. Colonizationists are a body of unbelievers—scoffing infidels—who openly reject the gospel of Christ. They who seek to expatriate human being from their native country, on account of their complexion, are no better than murderers in spirit. They hate their victims without a cause. What can be more profligate or inhuman, than its sanction of the claims of the southern slaveholder to property in human flesh? What more preposterous, than its method of civilizing and evangelizing Africa, by sending to its shores the most ignorant and debased of all the American population? What more despotic, than its aim to keep the spirit of emancipation within the limits of its ability to colonize the emancipated on a far distant continent? Surely, it is deserving of universal execration.

In the Repository for March is an article, in which the friends of the Colonization Society are urged to arouse themselves to action. We think we cannot be mistaken in attributing its authorship to that prince of Jesuits, Ralph Randolph Gurley, who deserves to be more strongly reprobated than any other conspirator against the rights of man who has ever dishonored the American name. It descants, in his usual grandiloquent style, on 'the practicableness and grandeur of the object 'of of the Society—to wit, the banishment of the 'free niggers,' the preservation of the slave system against the assaults of the 'abolition fanatics,' the indulgence and perpetuity of a soul-withering prejudice, and the acquisition of foreign territory by civilized cunning and pious diplomacy,—all under the cloak of philanthropy and religion! But we tell this weak declaimer, that there is nothing grand, but every thing despicable, it is as baseless as any air-castle ever erected by a vagrant imagination. The foolery of pretending to believe that our free colored citizens, (who saw through this iniquity from the beginning, and took the most decisive action against it,) will yet become charmed with this unhallowed crusade against their dearest rights and eager to be sent to a strange and barbarous country, is indeed exquisite! Equally absurd is the hope that the abolitionists will eventually consent to substitute the colonization mode of abolishing slavery for their own.

The editor of the Repository goes on to depict the horrors of the foreign slave trade, and the adaptation of his Botany Bay scheme 'to reclaim the people of Africa from barbarism, by imparting to them the blessed doctrines of Christ—by developing the rich resources of their country, leading them to cultivate the soil, and bringing the numerous and invaluable products of their mines, fields and forests into the channels of legitimate commerce.' All this is something a great deal worse than a hoax: it evinces a most thorough contempt for consistency, and reveals a wolf in sheep's clothing. It is a grevious insult to common sense for the patrons of the Colonization Society to pretend to be filled with anguish, in view of the enormities of the foreign traffick! It is neither a presumptuous act nor a breach of charity, boldly to affirm, that they care nothing about that traffick, except so far as they can make use of it occasionally, in the flourish of humanity, to humbug the people. In the first place, they have 'no flesh in their obdurate hearts,' and therefore cannot feel at all *where only 'niggers' are concerned!* And, secondly, they are themselves engaged either in holding, buying or selling their fellow-creatures as goods and chattels, or in perpetuating both the foreign and domestic slave trade, by guarding slavery from the vigorous assaults of those who are really hostile to its continuance. The manner in which the Liberia colonists impart to the poor natives of Africa 'the blessed doctrines of Christ,' is, every now and then, by 'peppering their hams with buckshot,' burning and sacking their towns, spattering their brains in every direction, and driving them into the interior at the point of the bayonet! In this very number of the Repository, it is complacently stated that there is at Cape Palmas, one uniformed company of artillery, and another of infantry; and the colonists who do not belong to either of these, *are enrolled in the general militia.* THE WHOLE ARE WELL ARMED.' Ah! 'blessed doctrines" and blessed teachers! How admirable, how comprehensive; how *unique* is this mode of propagating Christianity!

As for 'developing the rich resources of Africa,' and leading the natives to cultivate the soil, all that is very well; but, mark! that is not the question at issue, Ralph Randolph Gurley! You are exceedingly dextrous in throwing dust, but you cannot blind us by any such manœuvre. The real question is, not what are the resources of Africa, but ☞ what are the principles, doctrines and aims of the American Colonization Society! Talk not of redeeming Africa by your vile expatriation scheme! That scheme will operate as a withering curse upon her, and is already gory with the blood of her children!

The next specimen of colonization effrontery, in the article under review, is the flourish about 'the establishment of communities on the shores of Africa, of *her own children*, LONG EXILED, but now returning,' &c. Certainly, our native-born colored population have been 'long exiled' from Africa! To talk about their 'returning' to a land which they never saw, is just as rational as it would be for the sons of the Emerald Isle, who never yet wandered away from the soil of their nativity, to talk of *returning home* to the United States! To be in exile, it seems, is to be in ones own country; and to be at home is to migrate abroad to a howling wilderness; But this is really too serious a matter for a joke. It may be sport to colonization, but it is death to its victims.

This base attempt, which has been so frequently made in the colonization journals, to deprive our colored fellow citizens of their just claim to this country as their native land, and artfully to represent them as now living in exile, excites our hottest indignation. It is more than a common lie, because it is enormously distended by prejudice and malignity. It is a lie, too, as mean as it is wicked and monstrous. But, even supposing it were literally true—that they were born in Africa, and not in America—would that be a sound reason for conspiring to send them back, if they wish to remain here? And that they wish to remain, they have declared in the most positive manner. Not one of them, whether bond or free, has ever gone to Africa 'with his own consent,' in the true meaning of those words. Is not ours boastfully called 'the land of the free, and asylum of the opressed'? Have we not, already, a foreign population among us, amounting to millions? Why not subject them to a process of colonization, in order to civilize and christianize heathen lands? Would not any attempt to do this be laughed to scorn? Yet, why would it be more preposterous or insulting in the one case, than in the other?

But these 'long exiled children of Africa,' we are told, are not only to return, but to return improved by knowledge,(!) and instructed in the arts,(!) agriculture,(!) and religion(!) of this country'! Wonderful—most wonderful! Now is it not a shame that such proficients in knowledge, the arts, agriculture and religion, cannot be allowed the enjoyment of equal rights on this side of the Atlantic? Is it desirable to expatriate such a population? They are well qualified to evangelize Africa, but to base to live in the United States.' However deficient in the knowledge of the arts and of agriculture, those who now reside in Liberia may be, it must be confessed that they have been well instructed in 'the religion of this country,' as their sectarian corporations, military establishments and chivalrous exploits clearly demonstrate.

An appeal is made to the North to support the Colonization Society, on the ground that if it bears less directly and effectively than she would desire on emancipation, 'it is nevertheless working for good, in all directions, to the colored race.' But an appeal which is based upon falsehood is good for nothing.

A call is next made upon the South—and here the truth is plainly spoken, while downright fiction was resorted to in the other case. 'To the South we say, *it operates to allay and retard the over-zealous action of those who seem intent solely and wholly upon emancipation in the United States.*' So it does! No man understands this fact better than Henry Clay, the slaveholder, gambler, profligate and duellist, who is the President of the Society; nor any body of men better than the slaveholding Managers of the Society.

Next the aid of the free people of color is invoked! With mock gravity the writer proceeds—'To the free people of color we say, to you we look as the chosen agents, under Providence, in conveying to Africa the knowledge of our arts, letters, liberty and Christianity'! And they are persuasively assured that, by building up colonies on the African coast, they may thus 'secure a name and a place, fortune and power, among the nations.' There—that will do. Now let Mr. Gurley visit our colored friends in Philadelphia, New-York, Boston, Providence, and other places, and talk to them in this strain. Is he not tired of looking *at* them and *to* them? Of one thing we are sure—he ought to be ashamed to look any colored man in the face. What consummate assurance to suppose that his bombastic appeals can produce any other emotions in their bosoms than those of laughter and contempt!

Finally, an appeal is made to the clergy to come to the rescue of the Society. It comes too late. The clergy have done their best, or rather their worst, to prop up this mischievous scheme; but some of them have repented of their course, while others no longer dare to insult the spirit of humanity which is abroad, lest, in so doing, they shall find themselves colonized instead of effecting the colonization of others. If Mr. Gurley, and the managers and members of that Society, would only consent to leave the country, 'for their country's good,' we are very confident that our free colored friends would in the abundance of their poverty, cause the riches of their liberality to abound so as to enable the emigrants to charter the 'Saluda,' and embark without delay for some distant, unknown clime.

Killing with Kindness and Benevolence.

"This people have been very kind to us ever since we have lived among them. For two years past they have very cheerfully hauled all our wood from the parsonage lot, and chopped and split it at our door."

The above paragraph is copied from the letter of a New Hampshire Congregational minister, acknowledging, among other things, the receipt of a large amount of money and goods from "the people of his charge." There certainly can be no objection to *helping* men with kindness, but there really must be a question as to the propriety of *killing* them with kindness. Now how much better for the physical health, spiritual growth of himself, and edification of his hearers, would it have been, if this minister had shouldered his axe and gone out into the woods daily, and "chopped" wood for an hour or two, than to have been "loafing" about, and lolling in an easy chair a good portion of his time, and by and by have to beg a large sum of money to enable him to "make the tour of Europe" for "the recovery of his health," the loss of which he attributes to his indefatigable and unheard of labors "in the service of the Lord."

It is certainly time, high time that men began to look at this matter in a common sense light, and no longer be duped by the falseness and ignorance of those who consider themselves exempted from and above all that pertains to the physical constitution, and hands and feet to help themselves with, as well as others. We have a physical as well as a moral and spiritual nature, and in order to secure the healthy condition of all, one must be healthily exercised, in due proportion, as well as the other, and he neglects the healthy exercise of his p[hysical] nature, *must* become diseased physically, consequently morally and spiritually; when the body is affected the spirit is [illegible] body is diseased and irritated, the [illegible] diseased and irritated—or in other w[illegible] the body is affected so is the soul; [illegible] soul is affected so is the body.

Now let no one construe this into [illegible] tack on the clergy, as such, for it is [illegible] comment upon certain practices [illegible] them.—*Health Journal*

Encke's Comet. A correspondent [illegible] U. S. Gazette has furnished some [illegible] tions of the motions of Encke's co[illegible] cording to which it is now approa[illegible] earth at the rate of two millions of [illegible] day, and its distance from us will be [illegible] ed one half in less than a month. [illegible] sible it may be seen this week or ne[illegible] a good telescope.

NOTICE.

Foster & French,

AT the old stand of JOHN MCDANIEL [illegible] ly in front of the State House,—Sig[illegible] *Gold Mortar,*) offer for sale the larges[illegible] assortment of

Drugs and Medicines

to be found in this vicinity. Physicians [illegible] fully invited to call and examine our stock [illegible] cines will be put up with the strictest [illegible] orders will be answered with despatch. [illegible] offer for sale a large assortment of

West-India Goods and Groc[illegible]

We intend to keep as good a stock of [illegible] Goods as can be found in Concord,—wh[illegible] sell at Wholesale and Retail at the very [illegible] *ing profits.* We have also a complete as[illegible]

Hard Ware and Cutlery.

Birmingham, Sheffield, and American Ha[illegible] consisting of all kinds of Carpenter's Too[illegible] ing Materials, Saws of all kinds, Table [illegible] Cutlery, Boston Iron Co.'s Nails and Spi[illegible] Fire Setts, German Sheet Zinc, Lead Pi[illegible] sizes, Sheet Lead, Window Glass of all [illegible] 6 by 8 to 20 by 26, and we will cut Gla[illegible] pattern at the factory prices. Also a pro[illegible] ment of

Paints, Oils, Varnish, Dye Stuffs, &c.

of every description; Together with a com[illegible] sortment of

Garden Seeds,

from the New-England Seed Store, Bos[illegible] warranted good.

☞ We shall keep a good assortment [illegible] above Goods, which we will sell to our fren[illegible] may favor us with their patronage, for cash [illegible] proved credit, at prices that shall not fail to [illegible] purchaser.

☞ Any article bought of us which does [illegible] satisfaction, can in all cases be returned a[illegible] money refunded.

HENRY B. FOS[illegible]
JOSEPH A. FRE[illegible]

Concord, March 23, 1842. 5[illegible]

Grecian Hair Restorati[illegible]

THIS celebrated OIL stands unrivalled, for preventing the hair from coming [illegible] restoring a full head of hair to those who [illegible] it from sickness or disease. There is not a [illegible] case, out of two thousand persons who ha[illegible] this HAIR OIL, but have borne the strong[illegible] dence of its efficacy, while it has never bee[illegible] to fail in a single instance. It is a sovereign [illegible] dy in the cure of dandruff, and all diseases [illegible] skin, which the head is liable to, and wh[illegible] cases, increase the growth of the hair. Th[illegible] will find the GRECIAN HAIR RESTORATIV[illegible] of the best articles now in use, for the toil[illegible] while it increases the growth of the hair, it [illegible] the hair to be flexible, soft, and gives elasti[illegible] It gives a general relaxatien to the pores, [illegible] and moistens the hair, and prevents the sk[illegible] becoming dried, which is the principal cau[illegible] hair's falling off. It prevents the acidity [illegible] from perspiration, and has a decided advan[illegible] all kinds of Pomatum, as it is notorious th[illegible] nostrums make such an impression on the p[illegible] not only to cause the hair to fall off, but to [illegible]

For sale by E. BRACKETT, [illegible]
Concord, N. H., December 31, 1841.

Stolen

FROM Marcus E. Sargent, Dep. Sh[illegible] London, the following described attach[illegible] erty, viz:

Wheat,	[illegible]
Hay,	[illegible]
Barrels, staves,	[illegible]
Four heifers,	[illegible]
Corn,	[illegible]
Potatoes,	[illegible]
Beds,	[illegible]
Horse,	[illegible]
Chaise,	[illegible]
Calf,	[illegible]
Harness,	[illegible]

It will be recollected that a certain chaise [illegible] harness had been "stove up." A horse found in [illegible] woods with his throat cut. Daniel Ballard lie[illegible] molasses bog! LOW PLAIN.

9—3w

Bow Canal.

THE Proprietors of the Bow Canal are hereby notified that their annual meeting will be held at the Phœnix Hotel, in Concord, N. H., on Tuesday, the third day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to see what alteration if any shall be made in the bye-laws, to appoint some person to convey certain real estate, for the choice of officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of all other business.

H. HUTCHINS, Clerk.

April 11, 1842.

Removal.

E. BRACKETT, Agent, has removed his FAN[illegible] CY GOODS SHOP, one door south of Brown & Buswell's, opposite the Phœnix Hotel, where he hopes to receive a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed upon him.

Feb. 18, 1842.

Removed.

RICHARD DAME, has removed his TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, to chambers over PEVERLY'S STORE, directly opposite Gass' American House; where he solicites a continuance of the patronage that has thus far been so liberally extended to him, in his profession.

WANTED, by the above, eight or ten girls to work at the Tailoring Business; none but those experienced need apply. Also: three or four girls to work as apprentices. A smart active lad, from fourteen to sixteen years of age as an apprentice at the above business, will find good encouragement.

Concord, December 7th, 1841.